

[William Roscoe]

£2/10/-

31

11661. L. 11.

MOUNT PLEASANT: Liverpool

K

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A N

O D E.

WARRINGTON,

PRINTED BY W. EYRES, FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD, LONDON; AND S. CRANE, LIVERPOOL.

MDCCLXXVII.

NO. 1. P. 1. A. N. 1.



DESCRIPTIVE

WHICH IS ADDED

O. D. H.

ST. K. A. N. C. T. O. N.

REMARKS ON THE HISTORY OF THE
CHURCH OF ST. K. A. N. C. T. O. N.

BY J. M. COCKING

THE following Poem was written some years ago, at a very early period of life, without the least intention of publication. It is not however by way of an apology, that this circumstance is mentioned; the author being fully convinced, that an excuse for obtruding a new publication on the world, is always superfluous; a good one being in no need of it, and an indifferent one receiving no addition to its value, from any circumstance that can be alledged in its favour.

LIVERPOOL,
16th January 1777.

B

THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
January 15, 1890.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 1, 1889.
ALBANY:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. PRINTERS.
1890.

MOUNT PLEASANT.*

FREED from the cares that daily throng my breast,
Again, beneath my native shades I rest.
These shades, where lightly fled my youthful day,.
Ere fancy bow'd to reason's boasted sway.
—Untaught the toils of busier life to bear,
The fool's impertinence, the proud man's sneer ;
Sick of the world, to these retreats I fly,
Devoid of art my early reed to try :

* AN agreeable Eminence near Liverpool, which commands the prospect described in the following Poem.

To paint the prospects which around me rise,
What time the cloudless sun descends the skies,
Each latent beauty of the landscape trace,
Fond of the charms that deck my native place.

The shades of GRONGAR bloom secure of fame ;
EDGE-HILL to JAGO owes its lasting name ;
When WINDSOR-FOREST's loveliest scenes decay,
Still shall they live in POPE's unrivall'd lay.
Led on by Hope an equal theme I choose :
—O might the subject boast an equal Muse !
Then should her name the force of time defy,
When sunk in ruin LIVERPOOL shall lie.

How numerous now her thronging buildings rise !
What varied objects strike the wandering eyes !
Where rise yon masts her crowded navies ride,
And the broad rampire checks the beating tide ;

Along

Along the beach her spacious streets extend,
Her areas open, and her spires ascend ;
In loud confusion mingled sounds arise,
The docks re-echoing with the seamen's cries,
The massy hammer founding from afar,
The bell slow-tolling, and the rattling car ;
And thundering oft the cannon's horrid roar,
In lessening echos dies along the shore.

There with the genuine glow of COMMERCE fir'd,
Her anxious votaries plod the streets untir'd ;
Each calm, sequester'd scene of life, despise,
And all those sweets the vacant hour supplies,
When wearied study flacks her rigid rein,
And scarce one loitering thought disturbs the brain :
—Lost to those arts the happier few admire,
The Painter's pencil, and the Poet's lyre ;

The

The soft emotions gentler bosoms move,
The voice of Friendship, and the smiles of Love ;
To all that soothes the painful hour of strife ;
To all that graces, all that sweetens life.

Ah ! why, ye Sons of Wealth, with ceaseless toil,
Add gold to gold, and swell the shining pile ?
Your general course to happiness ye bend,
Why then to gain the means neglect the end ?
To purchase peace requires a scanty store,—
—O spurn the groveling wish that pants for more !—
And thirst not with the same unconquer'd rage,
Till nature whitens in the frost of age ;
But rather, on the present hour rely,
And catch the happier moments ere they fly ;
And whilst the spring of life each bliss inspires,
Improve its gifts, and feed the social fires :

Let

Let Friendship soften, Love her charms disclose,
Peace guard your hours, and sweeten your repose.
Yet not regardless how your joys endure,
Let watchful Prudence make those joys secure.

Far as the eye can trace the prospect round,
The splendid tracks of opulence are found :
Yet scarce an hundred annual rounds have run,
Since first the fabric of this power begun ;
His noble waves inglorious, MERSEY roll'd,
Nor felt those waves by labouring art controul'd ;
Along his side a few small cots were spread,
His finny brood their humble tenants fed ;
At opening dawn with fraudulent nets supply'd,
The paddling skiff would brave his spacious tide,
Ply round the shores, nor tempt the dangerous main,
But seek ere night the friendly port again.

Now

Now o'er the wondering world her name resounds,
From Northern climes, to INDIA's distant bounds.
—Where-e'er his shores the broad ATLANTIC laves;
Where-e'er the BALTIC rolls his wintry waves;
Where-e'er the honour'd flood extends his tide,
That clasps SICILIA like a favour'd bride;
Whose waves in ages past so oft have bore
The storm of battle on the Punic shore;
Have wash'd the banks of GREECE's learned bow'rs,
And view'd at distance ROME's imperial tow'rs;
In every clime her prosperous fleets are known,
She makes the wealth of every clime her own:
GREENLAND for her its bulky whale resigns,
And temperate GALLIA rears her generous vines;
'Midst warm IBERIA citron-orchards blow,
And the ripe fruitage bends the laboring bough:
The OCCIDENT a richer tribute yields,
Far different produce swells their cultur'd fields;

Hence

Hence the strong cordial that inflames the brain,
The honey'd sweetness of the juicy cane,
The vegetative fleece, the azure dye,
And every product of a warmer sky.

There AFRIC's swarthy sons their toils repeat,
Beneath the fervors of the noon-tide heat;
Torn from each joy that crown'd their native soil,
No sweet reflections mitigate their toil;
From morn, to eve, by rigorous hands oppress'd,
Dull fly their hours, of every hope unblest.
Till broke with labour, helpless, and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn;
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade deny'd;
The jest of folly, and the scorn of pride;
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend th' imploring eye;

Till Death, in kindness, from the tortur'd breast
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Shame to Mankind ! But shame to BRITONS most,
Who all the sweets of Liberty can boast ;
Yet, deaf to every human claim, deny
That bliss to others, which themselves enjoy :
Life's bitter draught with harsher bitter fill ;
Blast every joy, and add to every ill ;
The trembling limbs with galling iron bind,
Nor loose the heavier bondage of the mind.

Yet whence these horrors ? this inhuman rage,
That brands with blackest infamy the age ?
Is it, our varied interests disagree,
And BRITAIN sinks if AFRIC's sons be free ?
—No—Hence a few superfluous stores we claim,
That tempt our avarice, but increase our shame ;

The

The sickly palate touch with more delight,
Or swell the senseless riot of the night.—
—Blest were the days ere Foreign Climes were known,
Our wants contracted, and our wealth our own ;
When Health could crown, and Innocence endear,
The temperate meal, that cost no eye a tear :
Our drink, the beverage of the chrystal flood,
—Not madly purchas'd by a brother's blood—
Ere the wide spreading ills of Trade began,
Or Luxury trampled on the rights of Man.

When COMMERCE, yet an infant, rais'd her head,
'Twas mutual want her growing empire spread :
Those mutual wants a distant realm supply'd,
And like advantage every clime enjoy'd.
Distrustless then of every treacherous view,
An open welcome met the stranger crew ;

And whilst the whitening fleet approach'd to land,
The wondering natives hail'd them from the strand ;
Fearless to meet, amidst the flow of foul,
The lurking dagger, or the poison'd bowl.

Now, more destructive than a blighting storm,
A bloated monster, Commerce rears her form ;
Throws the meek olive from her daring hand,
Grasps the red sword, and whirls the flaming brand :
True to no faith ; by no restraints controul'd ;
By guilt made cautious, and by avarice bold.
Each feature reddens with the tinge of shame,
Whilst PATNA's plain, and BUXAR's fields I name ;
How droops BENGAL beneath Oppression's reign !
How groans ORISSA with the weight of slain !
To glut her rage, what thousands there have bled,
What thrones are vacant, and what princes dead !

In

In vain may War's relenting fury spare,
Attendant Famine follows in the rear ;
And the poor natives but survive, to know
The lingering horrors of severer woe.
—Can this be she, who promis'd once to bind
In leagues of strictest amity, mankind ?
This fiend, whose breath inflames the spark of strife,
And pays with trivial toys the price of life ?

As some industrious man, whose prudent mind
To business is in earlier years inclin'd,
With ceaseless steps, the road of wealth pursues,
Bounds there his wish, and centers all his views ;
Till satiate with success, he quits the chace,
And sighs for happier hours of rest and peace ;
Feels avarice in his softening breast decay,
And nobler passions in their turns bear sway ;

Feels

Feels genuine taste, by weeds obscur'd too long,
Spring in the mind, and boast a bloom more strong.
So rose the pride of MERSEY's spacious stream,
Repose her scorn, and riches all her aim :
Till grown at length by long attention great,
The ARTS have chosen here their blest retreat.

At their approach, see Gothic taste retire !
And true proportion raise the graceful spire,
Mould the proud column, swell the spacious dome,
To GRECIA's genius give the strength of ROME !
The marble, see ! with mimic nature warm,
Spring into life, and beam with every charm :
O'er the smooth canvas, mingling colours flow,
The features open, and the landscape glow.
Reviving Science opes her latent mines,
The judgment ripens, and the thought refines.

And

And here ***** with genius all his own,
New tracks explores, and arts before unknown.
—O form'd in every varied scene to please!
With manly sense endued, and native ease;
With eloquence to still the listening throng,
Fix every eye, and silence every tongue;
Save, when attention overflows its bound,
And the still murmur of applause goes round!

The MUSES too, their kindling influence bring,
Wake the sweet lute, and strike the sounding string;
And whilst they rove on MERSEY's favour'd side,
Smooth rolls the stream, and prouder swells the tide.
'Tis theirs, the chains of avarice to unbind,
Pour softer manners on th' attentive mind;
To bid the bosom gentler passions prove;
The friends of Virtue, and the friends of Love.

—Here

—Here safely planted, deep they strike the root,
And generous Candour guards the infant shoot.
To tempt their stay, and win their lasting smile,
The Friends of Genius rais'd yon spacious Pile : *
There, whilst cold precepts ineffectual prove,
The great example never fails to move.
As differing feelings different scenes supply,
We droop in anguish, or we swell with joy :
Now sooth'd to love, we own the softening flame ;
Now pow'rful horrors rush thro' all our frame ;
The strong delusions lead the struggling will,
The nerveless captive of the Poet's skill.

If frowning Satire opens all her rage,
And drags the prosperous villain on the stage ;
Or if with nicer skill, she aims the dart,
To wound the smaller foibles of the heart,

* THE Theatre Royal, erected by Subscription.

Bids Self-applause her favourite mirror quit,
And wakes in Virtue's cause the powers of Wit :
If on the stage the Comic Muse be seen,
With broader smile, and more neglected mien ;
Thro' every part, some useful lessons shine,
Some latent moral lies in every line ;
The varied scenes to one great purpose tend,
" To raise the Genius, and the heart to mend."

Sweep the light strings, and louder swell the Lyre !
Far nobler Themes a nobler song require.—
The Heav'n born Virtues come,—a lovely train ;
They prompt the verse,—be theirs the votive strain.
—Not those that seek in lonely shades to dwell,
The selfish inmates of the hermit's cell ;
Like his pale lamp, a partial light supply,
Unblest to live, and unregarded die ;

D

But

But those design'd to sooth the labouring breast,
Protect the weak, and give the weary rest ;
Assuage the rigors of corporeal pain ;
Supply the poor, and loose the prisoner's chain :
And like the radiance of the solar ray,
On all around to pour impartial day.

—Known by the watry lustre of her eye,
Her sorrowing smile, and sympathizing sigh ;
See ! tender PITY comes ;—at her controul,
Drops the big tear, and melts the stubborn soul ;
So the rude rock by power divine impell'd,
Gush'd forth in streams, and cheer'd the thirsty field.
—Next CHARITY,—by no proud pageants known,
Nor crown, nor sweeping train, nor azure zone.
—If chance remembrance wakes the generous deed,
No pride elates her, and she claims no meed ;

And

And timorous ever of the vulgar gaze,
She loves the action, but disclaims the praise.
—Yet not of Virtue's open cause afraid,
Where public blessings ask her public aid,
She shines superior to the wretch's sneer,
And bold in conscious honour, knows no fear.
Hence rose yon pile, where sickness finds relief,
Where lenient care allays the weight of grief ; *
—Yon spacious roof, where hush'd in calm repose,
The drooping widow half forgets her woes : †
—Yon calm retreat, where screen'd from every ill,
The helpless orphan's throbbing heart lies still ; ‡
And finds delighted, in the peaceful dome,
A better parent, and a happier home.

* The public Infirmary.

† The Alms-Houses adjoining the Infirmary.

‡ The Blue-Coat Hospital.

Far to the right, where Mersey duteous pours
To the broad main his tributary stores ;
Ting'd with the radiance of the golden beam,
Sparkle the quivering waves : and midst the gleam
In different hues, as sweeps the changeful ray,
Pacific fleets their guiltless pomp display :
Fair to the sight, they spread the floating sail,
Catch the light breeze, and skim before the gale ;
Till lessening gradual on the stretching view,
Obscure they mingle in the distant blue ;
Where in soft tints the sky with ocean blends,
And on the weaken'd sight, the long, long prospect ends.

Where wild Tornados sweep along the sky,
And o'er the climate gleamy lightnings fly ;
Where poisonous groves exhale their noxious breath,
And crested serpents swell with secret death ;

Or

Or where bleak hills perpetual snow sustain,
And the faint sun scarce liquidates the main ;
For these dread climes their native shores they leave,
And dare the secret rock, and maddening wave.
—Those native shores, their eyes no more may view,
If big with horror angry fate pursue ;
Tho' now in grim repose the tempests sleep,
Soon may they howl along the shivering deep ;
Dash the proud vessel o'er the blackened brine,
Crush the strong mast, and break the friendly line :
Till on the beach an hapless wreck she lies,
And human savages secure the prize :
Stab the faint wretch, if any such remain,
Explore the bark, and share the glittering gain.

But shou'd kind Heaven her course in safety keep,
Calm the strong gale, and still the boiling deep,

Then

Then midst the friendly port with joyful pride,
Laden with western riches shall she ride;
And COMMERCE smiling on the busy strand,
Shall fondly hail her favourite sons to land.

Yet lovelier scenes the varied prospect cheer,
Where CESTRIA'S plains in long extent appear,
There shine the yellow fields with corn o'erspread;
There lifts BRITANNIA'S oak its tow'ring head:
Swells the brown hill, the sloping vales retire,
And o'er the woodland peeps the rural spire;
Above the rest the CAMBRIAN mountains rise,
Close the long view, and mingle with the skies.

Can GALLIA'S vine-crown'd hills with these compare?
Tho' there the peasant breathes a milder air;
Or can IBERIA'S loveliest landscapes show,
So rich a prospect, or so bright a glow?

There

There furs all fultry parch the cracking foil,
The hardening meadow mocks the peasant's toil ;
The spirits droop beneath the noon-tide blaze,
And all the roseate bloom of health decays :
But here she loves her choicest gifts to pour,
Breathes in each gale, and melts in every show'r ;
Sheds joy, and gladness, o'er the temperate plain,
And crowns the cottage of the labouring swain :
Midst the throng'd vale, as she imparts her smile,
Care smooths her front, and labour scorns his toil ;
And love, his dewy locks with roses bound,
Trips o'er the lawn, and meditates the wound.

At distance far from frowns tyrannic fled,
Here sacred FREEDOM rears her awful head ;
Queen of each liberal art ! O may thy smile
Still bless Britannia's ever grateful Isle !

—Soon

—Soon shall proud Greece her envied name resign,
And future poets, patriots, heroes shine;
Then shall the Muse expand a stronger wing,
And other MILTONS strike the founding string;
To future ages give the warrior's name,
Whose breast expansive own'd thy generous flame,
Who at thy sacred shrine resign'd his breath,
And sternly grasp'd thy lovely form in death.

Far on the view—at soften'd distance seen,
Whilst rolls the stream its copious waves between,
There—long deserted by the fable band,
A lonely abbey glooms upon the strand: *
When once the towering arch, in Gothic state
Rose high; and frown'd recluse the iron grate:

* The Abbey or Priory of Birkenhead, or Birkett; built on the opposite Shore of the River Mersey, in the Reign of Henry II.

But

But shook by time, the lofty columns fall,
The wide roof drops, and sinks the mouldering wall ;
The hollow gale thro' every cavern flies,
And the dull owl repeats her midnight cries.

Here Superstition once assum'd her reign ;
Religion sicken'd in her weighty chain :
And all obscur'd beneath the dreary gloom,
The social Graces lost their lovely bloom.
—No casual Virtue mark'd the passing day,
Whilst slept the Monks the circling years away ;
Dead to those nobler passions, whence proceed
The liberal sentiment, and generous deed,
That prompt to general good the selfish mind,
And wake the ardent wish to bless mankind :
The ills of life no longer claim'd a care,
But every Virtue center'd in—a Prayer.

So stands some lake amidst the sheltering vale,
Its waves unruffled by the rising gale ;
On the green surge are poisonous insects found,
And putrid vapours spread black mists around ;
Whilst the clear rill, gives sweetness as it flows,
To every flower that on its margin grows.

Ah ! brand them not in one promiscuous throng,
(Thus candor wou'd restrain the rigid song,)
For some perhaps, amidst the numerous crew,
A nobler motive to the mansion drew :
—Long travell'd thro' the thorny paths of life,
Long labouring to maintain th' unequal strife,
To misery lent the little fortune gave,
The storm approaching, and no friend to save ;
Or from each fond connection early torn,
Abandon'd, hopeless, destitute, forlorn ;

To

To every thought of earthly pleasure dead,
Some Sorrower, here might rest his weary head ;
And oft as kindred woes approach'd his ear,
Bestow the secret tribute of a tear :
Or from these varying scenes avert his eyes,
Scorn every transient ill, and gain the skies ;
Till o'er his path, hope beam'd her brightest ray,
And peace celestial strew'd with flowers the way.

Now sober evening, wet with pearly dew,
Slow o'er the mead, the lingering gleam pursues ;
A pleasing stillness thro' the air extends,
Save when the murmur from the Town ascends ;
Or when at intervals, the red breast's throat
Pours the clear warblings of his closing note,
Which floating pensive, on the breathing wind,
Leave soft impressions on the vacant mind.

O still, at evening's milder hour, be mine,
To trace with raptur'd eye the dear decline !
Catch the pure gale as from the main it springs,
Salubrious freshness dropping from its wings ;
—Then, cares forgot, and sorrow sooth'd to rest,
Each ruder passion banish'd from the breast,
Mild as the hour, and cloudless as the skies,
The mind on stronger pinions loves to rise ;
And loosen'd from the dull restraints of day,
Expansive gives the springs of thought to play :
Bold, active, vigorous, thro' th' enfranchis'd soul,
The nobler train of fair ideas roll ;
The ardent glow, that wakes at friendship's name :
The thirst of science, and the patriot flame ;
The generous fear, that wounds the youthful breast,
To live inglorious, and to die unblest ;
A liberal scorn of every low desire,
Of all that knaves pursue, and fools admire ;

Of

Of fortune's stores, of splendor's fickly blaze,
Precarious bliss, and unsubstantial praise.

Now wrapt beneath the deepening gloom of night,
Fades the gay prospect on the glimmering sight :—
—Thus in the round of time's uncheck'd career,
Day follows day, and year succeeds to year ;
And changeful ever, as the circle flies,
As empires fall, successive empires rise.
What now remains of TYRE's imperial pride ?
Where float the fleets that crown'd her constant tide,
That 'midst her echoing ports their sails unfurl'd,
Brav'd the wide seas, and search'd each distant world ?
—Not her broad base of glory, cou'd withstand,
The conquering force of time's destructive hand.

And tho' on fortune's swelling tide borne high,
No dangers threaten, and no fears annoy ;

The

The time may come,—(O distant be the year)
When desolation spreads her empire here.
When Trade's uncertain triumph shall be o'er,
And the wave roll neglected on the shore ;
Returning verdure cloathe the pathless plain,
And not one trace of former pride remain.
—Yet even then, when all her splendor fled,
This mart of nations shall decline her head,
When dark oblivion veils this faint effay,
(The short-liv'd offspring of a vernal day)
Her name, in time's perennial lists enroll'd,
Shall rank with those which Commerce lov'd of old ;
And teach mankind, how vain the pride, that springs
From the short glory of terrestrial things.

O D E
ON THE
INSTITUTION
OF A
SOCIETY
IN
LIVERPOOL,

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
DESIGNING, DRAWING, PAINTING, &c.

Read before the SOCIETY, DECEMBER 17th 1773.

Quel préface pour Polhimnie !
La gloire des dieux du pinceau,
A la reine de l'harmonie
Annonce un triomphe nouveau.
—Par des reciproques secours
Augmentant leur clarté féconde
Les astres éclairent le monde
Sans se combattre dans leur cours.

GRESSET.

O D E

ON THE

INSTITUTION

OF A

SOCIETY

IN

LIVERPOOL

FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF

DESIGNING DRAWING PAINTING &c

AND THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

AND THE ARTS

1807

A FEW Copies of the following Ode, were printed in the year 1774; and distributed by the author amongst his friends. By some accident it came under the cognizance of the Monthly Review, (for Dec. 1774) and the indulgence there shewn it, has encouraged the author to annex it to the foregoing Poem. The Society, on whose institution it was written, was not of long continuance; its sudden decay being principally occasioned by the loss of a very ingenious, and spirited member, now resident in Germany. The author is not without hopes, that a Society of a similar nature will be one day established in Liverpool: but however that may be, he is happy in the reflection, that in this, as well as in the preceding Poem, he has attempted to promote "the arts he loves," and to abate that spirit of enterprize, and thirst of gain, which when too much indulged, is seldom productive either of virtue or happiness.

A FEW Copies of the following Book were printed in
the year 1774, and distributed by the author amongst
his friends. By some accident it came under the cognizance
of the Assembly's Secretaries (for Dec. 1774) and the indus-
trious there found it, but encouraged the author to annex
it to the foregoing Paper. The Society, on seeing this
it was written, and out of their compassion, in London
they being formerly neglected by the rest of a very
large, and distant number, were silent in Germany.
The author is not in any doubt that a Society of a hundred
members will be very easily obtained in London; but
perhaps that may be, he is happy in the reflection, that it
will be well as to the preceding Paper, he has attempted
to present "the case as it is," and is aware that this
of surprise, and that of gain, which would be much in-
creased, if it were printed in a more accessible manner.

O D E, &c.

FROM climes where Slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the soaring mind,
Where GRECIA mourns her blasted plain
To want and indolence resign'd ;
From fair ITALIA's once lov'd shore,
(The land of Freedom now no more)
Disdainful of each former seat,
The ARTS, a lovely train, retreat :
Still prospering under FREEDOM's eye,
With her they bloom, with her they fly ;

And when the Pow'r transferr'd her smile
To ALBION's ever grateful isle,
The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
But rais'd their altars here, and fix'd their happier home.

Swift fly the hovering shades of Night,
When bursts the orient dawn of Day ;
As swift before their mental light
The clouds of Ignorance decay.

First came the MUSE—her great design
Each dull sensation to refine ;
To plant in every rugged breast
The seeds of GENIUS and of TASTE ;
To bid the heart expand with woe,
Or with the great example glow,
Or smile along the sportive page,
Or shrink at Satire's pointed rage ;

Thro'

Thro' Fancy's realms the wondering mind to bear,
And for her sister Arts an easier path prepare.

Of power to still the raging deep,
To damp the gay, to warm the cold,
To bid the steel-ribb'd warrior weep,
And make the trembling dastard bold,
To free the slave, the wild to tame,

QUEEN of the SPHERES, next MUSIC came:—

Her strains can every care controul,
And waft to heav'n the lift'ning soul;
Can every soft affection move,
And tune the amorous pulse to love:
Now chaste and rapturous joys inspire,
Pure as the vestal's sacred fire;

Now loud and dreadful swell the strong alarms,
Foment the thirst of blood, the glorious rage of arms.

Next

Next came the POWER, in whom conjoin'd
Their differing excellence is shewn ;
Yet sweetly blended, and combin'd
With charms peculiarly her own.
Beneath the great Creator's eye,
'Twas she with azure spread the sky ;
And when Creation first had birth,
In happiest hues array'd the earth :
Still varying in each varied scene,
Bedeck'd the smiling meads with green,
Blush'd in the flower, and ting'd the fruit,
More lovely still as more minute ;
O'er every part the veil of beauty cast,
In heav'nly colours bright, thro' numerous years to last.

Hers is the glowing bold design,
The just and lessening perspective,

The

The beauties of the waving line,
And all the pencil's power can give.
'Tis true—the BARD's harmonious tongue
May draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Describe the dreadful scenes of war,
The crested helm, the rattling car ;
The generous thirst of praise inspire,
And kindle virtue's sacred fire :
Yet still may PAINTING's glowing hand
An equal share of praise command ;
In every province claim her mingled part,
The wondering sense to charm, or moralize the heart.

Majestic, nervous, bold, and strong,
Let ANGELO with MILTON vie ;
Oppos'd to WALLER's amorous song,
His art let wanton TITIAN try ;

Let

Let great ROMANO's free design,
Contend with DRYDEN's pompous line ;
And chaste CORREGGIO's graceful air,
With POPE's unblemish'd page compare ;
LORRAINE may rival THOMSON's name ;
And HOGARTH's equal BUTLER's fame :
For still where-e'er th' aspiring Muse
Her wide, unbounded flight pursues,
Her Sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time.

When just degrees of shade and light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
Then bursts upon the raptur'd sight
The silent MUSIC of the eye.
Bold, as the Base's deeper sound,
We trace the well imagin'd ground ;

Next

Next in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet melodious Tenor find ;
And as the soft'ning notes decay,
The distant prospect fades away :
Their aid if mingling colours give,
To bid the mimic landscape live ;
The visual concert breaks upon the eyes,
With every different charm which Music's hand supplies.

If, torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can Music's tenderest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the soul ?
Or can the PoET's boasted art
The healing balm of peace impart ?
—Ah, no !—'Tis only PAINTING's pow'r
Can sooth the sad, the painful hour ;

Can bring the much lov'd form to view,
In features exquisitely true ;
The sparkling eye, the blooming face,
The shape adorn'd with every grace,
To Nature's self scarce yield the doubtful strife,
Swell from the deep'ning shade, and ask the gift of life.

By slow degrees, the Muse's skill
A just conception must impart ;
Bend by degrees the stubborn will ;
Touch by degrees the harden'd heart :
To aid the task whilst Memory joins,
And every wand'ring thought combines ;
Collecting then the beauteous whole,
She gives th' idea to the soul :
But when with happiest nature warm,
The Artist spreads his pictur'd charm,

At

At once we feel th' accomplish'd thought,
At once the great effect is wrought :
Nor only to the judging few confin'd,
It strikes each artless eye, and speaks to every mind.

In all the force of language drest,
But faintly moves the feeble strain ;
But to the faithful fight exprest,
The story thrills thro' every vein.
Friend of the Arts, when CÆSAR bled,
Soon as the murd'rous tidings spread,
Each Roman heav'd a sigh sincere,
Each hardy veteran dropp'd a tear :
But when to public view confest,
High wav'd the hero's blood-stain'd vest,
A generous phrensy seiz'd the throng,
Revenge was heard from every tongue ;

Thence

Thence every nervous arm fresh vigour drew,
Bright gleam'd the vengeful steel, and dreadful firebrands flew.

O QUEEN of heaven's unnumber'd dyes!
Whose skill with various pow'r replete,
Can bid the swift ideas rise,
Of tender, beauteous, strong, and great!
For thee in mutual bands we join;—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing sight display
Some sparks of thy celestial ray:
And if beneath a rough disguise
The latent gem of Genius lies,
Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy loveliest polish o'er it spread;
So shall its beams, with genuine lustre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head, who call'd it first to light.

And

And ye, with wealth profusely blest,
The substitutes of Pow'r supreme,
To cheer the heart by grief deprest,
And cherish Virtue's sacred flame ;
To us your generous cares extend ;
The suppliant train of Arts befriend :
Nor think, to Misery's claims unjust,
You misapply your sacred trust ;
Or, whilst you bid the Genius rise,
Your noble task neglected lies :
For still the breast where GENIUS glows,
A sense of MORAL BEAUTY knows ;
Endu'd with gifts above the crowd to shine,
The judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms divine.

T H E E N D.

And yet, with wealth profusely drest,

The luxuries of Power's splendour,

To cheer the hour of grief deprest,

And cheer the Virtue's sacred feast;

To us your generous cares extend;

The suppliant train of Arts beset;

Not think, to Milder's claims unjust,

You multiply your

Of, while you bid the Muse rise



Your noble task neglected lies:

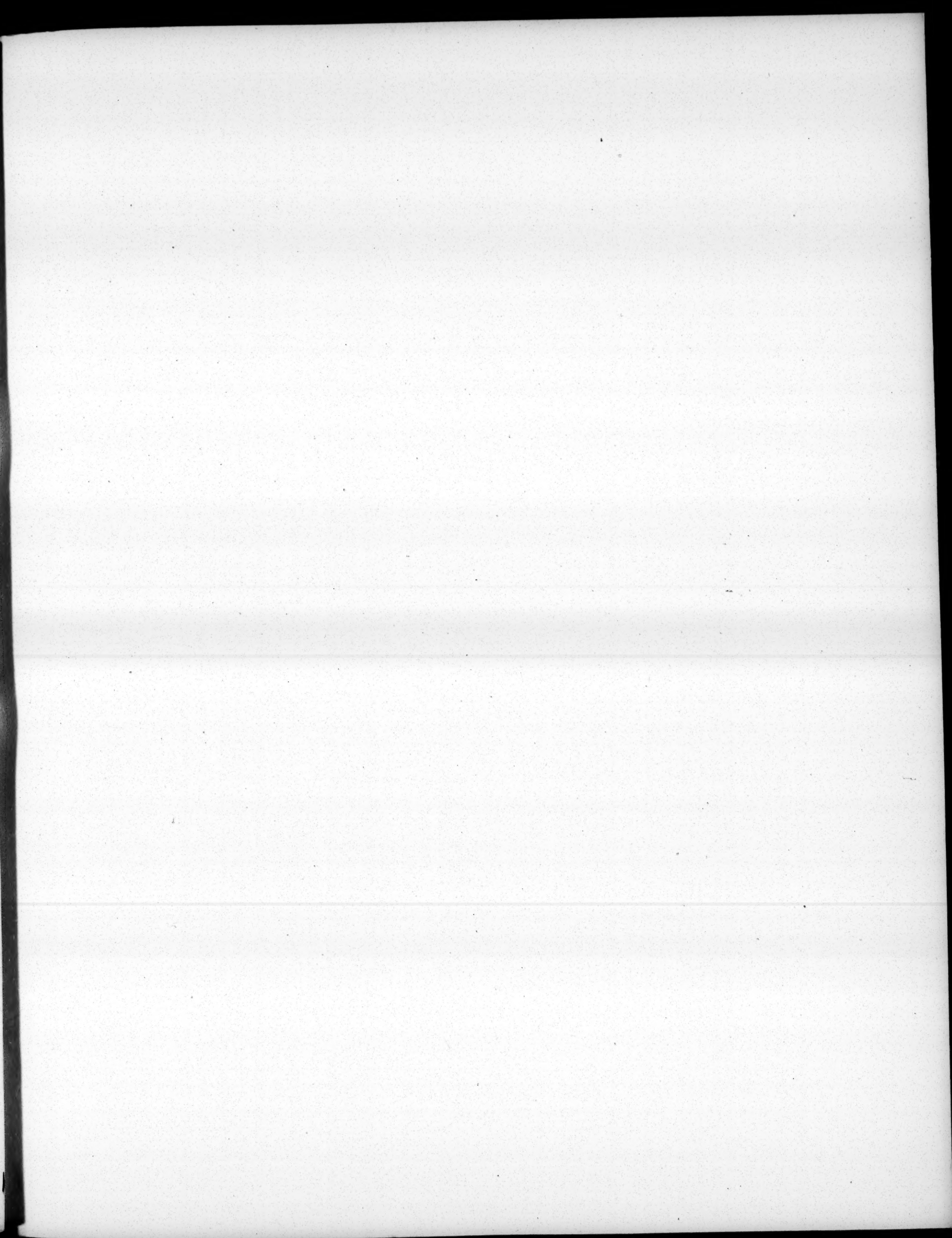
For still the breast where Genius glows,

A sense of Moral Beauty knows;

Endued with gifts above the crowd to shine,

The Judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms divine.

T H E E N D



11777.c. 15